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NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS.

A TRIBUTE TO THE HEROES GRANT AND GARFIELD.

BY WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

I.—GARFIELD: THE MARTYRED CHRISTIAN PATRIOT.

"Crete,¹ look! the ships have come."

The many fade, the one remains and smiles,
 Life's shadows fly, 'tis heaven that's whispering near,
 Beyond the grave, beyond the farthest isles,
 From all the old romantic World,—a tear ;—
 Like the wild bugle's call that told his flight
 Upon the dark, the starless, sorrowing night.

Oh! not the soldier's doom, the bleeding strife,
 Oh! not in falling age with silvery hair;
 Borne like the seasons o'er a people's life,
 His sweet endurance warmed the sobbing air.
 For such a man to live, for such to die,
 It sanctifies, it wafts on high our low humanity.

Dear heart, how calm, how patient was thy thought,
 When the fell anguish slowly mined thy frame!
 Dear, generous soul, thy loftier manner brought
 A nation's tear-drops round an honored name.
 We weep for thee,—weep that we are not thine,
 In all thy true sublimity, one so divine.

'Tis autumn's breath that lifts the moaning sea,
 The vessels float across her surges borne,
 And falls around the brave monotony,
 That ceaseless surf-note from old ocean torn;
 How cheerful was his thought, "Crete, I am glad;
 Look at the ships! they feel for me, be not sad."

A nation weeps! Cold hearts that *must* not feel,
 Come forth and waste their efforts in the stream;
 These hours are monuments and stamp their seal
 Upon a people's history. Oh, we deem,
 Mother and friend! thy life all sacredly,
 Even as he spake, "Be of good cheer," to thee.

¹ [These words were spoken in his last week, and the bugle was heard upon the last night; "Crete," the name he gave his wife.]

There is a death, it consecrates man's lot,—
 He does *not* die, he lives far more than all;
 His life is just begun, oh, sorrow not!
 He lifts—himself, he lifts his tear-stained pall.
 The people weep; such heavenly virtues claim
 A sea of patient tears, they bathe a glorious name.

Yes, glorious! 'tis a hero's loftiest death,
 No anxious dread, no moans, nor weak complaint,—
 Nothing save gentlest tenderness, that breath
 With fearful, fatal anguish, palsied, faint;
 No sigh, no dull reproach, "I love the sea;"
 'Twas all; the sunlit waves, he loved their gentle glee.

He felt them beat along the patient shore.
 Where the wild gull flew baffling on the breeze,
 The ever-rolling crash the pebbles bore,
 The dark green gulf-weed tossing off the seas,—
 He saw it all: "Crete, see! the ships have come;
 They're glad for me," the pageant seemed like home.

He dreamt of his far homestead 'mid the fields,
 He saw the meadows and the sighing woods,
 His wounds must pierce, but love that nature yields
 Beat in his noble breast, and her glad moods,
 Like the strong currents of the autumnal wind,
 Poured thro' his generous thought, his healthful mind.

"And is this all,—came there no hope for me,—
 This sorrow, and the wail of nations in my ear?
 No justice, Lord! how must I pray to thee,
 When here am I and he on yonder bier?
 He was my all, my heart, my joy and life:
 O God! renew my peace, oh, still this strife!"

No more, no more a tear, no more a sigh,
 Heaven does not weep when lives the good man there,
 But angels sing and holy seraphs cry,
 "The good are now in rest, the heart in prayer."
 He never dies in vain who lived to do
 His duty as *he* did, dies not that virtue true!

II.—GRANT: THE DEFENDER OF THE UNION.

A hero's crown, a hero's tribute bear!
 What shall it be? yon hoop of glittering stones
 That old-world kings hereditary wear?
 Or mouldering shrines carved from their victim's bones?
 Not such for thee, modest, and true, and right,
 Our patriot Grant, thy countrymen's delight.

Far, where "the Beauteous river,"¹ rolling, runs;
 Far, thro' the walnut groves, the sycamore;
 Down, down the purple vales whose glorious suns
 Array the seasons with their fruitful lore,—
 There, from his modest home, a hero came,
 Beneath the ancestral trees that lisped his name.

Gentle of speech, most kindly in his heart,
 He grew to manhood, loved and prized by all,
 One of our noble classes, by his art
 Mechanic raised above the royal thrall,
 Man, from the working classes, free and good,
 By virtue of such rank, sweet to the multitude.

The landscape smiled, the purple vales shone fair,
 Light waved the alder-tassels o'er the streams,
 And yet a haze crept o'er the lake, the air,
 A troubled murmur breaking the gay dreams.
 Grant! in thy patriot-heart thou heard'st the call:
 God calls for manhood,—“Freedom must not fall.”

Thou heard'st that cry for freedom in thy soul;
 Then peaceful, tender streams ran red with gore,
 The generous field bore crops of bloody tales,
 The wave with sinking ships all stranded o'er.
 Just God! such strife as *this* must brothers see?
 Father of love, fearful were victory!

Years fled and fled, yet marched the embattled host;
 The mother sank,—she wept her murdered boy;
 The church-yard groaned, squadrons are raised and lost,
 When shall war end,—is fate a nation's toy?
 When *must* it end? The Union shall remain,
 As *one*, unsundered still, they try their plots in vain.

He found the path, the war-path of the fray.
 He said: “I fight it out upon this line,”
 Come weal or woe, or fair or foul the day,
 An iron hand demands a steel divine.
 Unyielding, fixed, yet merciful to all,
 Grant kept his line and saved the Union's fall.

A thousand years may run, his name shall stand
 Bright as a sunshine pillar on the past.
 His gentle heart, his resolute command,
 Loved by us all, as North or South is fast,—
 Fast in the nation's heart,—whate'er may come,
 Grant is the people's pride, his country's home.

¹ The meaning of “*Ohio*,” the Indian name.

The strife is o'er, the landscape smiles again ;
 Far o'er her fertile vales the sun-god pours
 His purple blessings on the inland main,
 And smiling ships embrace her peaceful shores.
 Thro' heaven's design our Grant was sent to be
 Chosen of him, to bring us Liberty!

LECTURES ON PANTHEISM AT THE CONCORD SCHOOL.

In this number we print four of the discussions of the Symposium at the Concord School of Philosophy held last summer. The subject, "Is Pantheism the Legitimate Outcome of Modern Science?" was treated also by Messrs. John Fiske and Francis Ellingwood Abbot in elaborate papers, which have since been expanded by their authors into books and published. The following advertisements indicate the character of the contents of these books:

THE IDEA OF GOD AS AFFECTED BY MODERN KNOWLEDGE. By JOHN FISKE.

Contents: Difficulty of expressing the Idea of God so that it can be readily understood; The Rapid Growth of Modern Knowledge; Sources of the Theistic Idea; Development of Monotheism; The Idea of God as immanent in the World; The Idea of God as remote from the World; Conflict between the Two Ideas, commonly misunderstood as a Conflict between Religion and Science; Anthropomorphic Conceptions of God; The Argument from Design; Simile of the Watch replaced by Simile of the Flower; The Craving for a Final Cause; Symbolic Conceptions; The Eternal Source of Phenomena; The Power that makes for Righteousness; Notes.

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SCIENTIFIC THEISM. By FRANCIS ELLINGWOOD ABBOT, Ph. D.

General Synopsis of the Argument for Scientific Theism.

- I. The Foundation of Scientific Theism is the Philosophized Scientific Method.
- II. The Ground-Principle of the Philosophized Scientific Method is the Infinite Intelligibility of the Universe *per se*.
 1. What is Intelligibility?
Ans. Intelligibility is the Possession of an Immanent Relational Constitution.
 2. What is Intelligence?